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The Overture to Don Giovanni.

As this splendid orchestral *chef-d'œuvre* has been so much performed among us recently, (a tantalizing reminiscence indeed of the entire opera!) we cannot doubt that many of our readers will be interested in the following analysis, which we translate from the Russian biographer and amateur, from whom we have before borrowed several good things. If those who can read a piano-forte arrangement will consult the notes and just identify the *two little figures* or phrases, which he points out in the Allegro, they will listen to the overture henceforth always with an increased pleasure.

"What is most striking in a legend or poetic fable, like 'Don Juan,' is the catastrophe. It is quite natural and to the purpose then that we allude to it at the beginning of our report. Accordingly I will commence with the adventures and the fearful end of this desperate sinner, who fearing neither God nor man, sees the shadow of the old man he has murdered, walk in, and is cast alive by demons into a flaming grave. The fable might well begin with this, and this is precisely the Introduction which MOZART has chosen.

"Hark! lend us your ears!" call out to us those first accords of the overture, attacked with energy by the entire orchestra. The rhythm, divided in two equal halves, trembles with the shocks of the mysterious modulation, which it

leads; half-notes, echoing in terrific octaves, emerge on every side, like spectral faces, which direct a long and heavy gaze upon you, then vanish and make room for other forms. From time to time the drums are heard in muffled tones, like subterranean thunder. But what would these complaining syncopated notes of the first violins say? and that other voice, that whimpers so feebly in the second violins, and twists itself about like a trodden worm, that would fain lift itself, but cannot? That is a human voice, a dying voice. The phantom answers it, and when this has finished its terrible harangue, you see a black gigantic arm reach out of the earth and grasp the sinner. The brass instruments complete the deadly conflict in those decisive chords of the *superfluous sixth*, and the tremolo of the violins has indicated the final spasms.

"After this sublime introduction, which reminds one of Don Juan's death, comes the narrative proper, the Allegro of the overture, which explains the action, that is, the course of life of the hero of the piece. In analyzing the poetic character of Giovanni, we have ascribed to him the position or life-purpose, expressed in the following words: 'Every day to try the strength of my capacities against the innumerable obstacles which human society opposes to a being of my stamp,' &c. This proposition, drawn from the spirit of the overture, becomes the exactest programme that we could devise. At the very beginning of the Allegro, the D sharp of the violins, against the D of the bass, indicates the hostile attitude of Don Juan toward the human race, or rather toward the male sex. The rabid wolf comes creeping slyly on; with one bound he has snatched the lamb, and the trumpets hail the successful stroke with their triumphant fanfara.* The news of the stolen lamb gets abroad and spreads more and more; the alarm is given; the people gather to annihilate the wolf (from the 16th to the 48th measure.) At this point begins the series of magical illusions, which make this a unique work in its kind, like the opera itself, from which MOZART has made it inseparable, inasmuch as he has joined it to the Introduction.

How has this illusion been effected? By means not much more now in use:—by two little figures, which our great men of this day would not have deigned to pick up, had they found them in their path. Figure No. 1 has something pe-

remptory and threatening about it; it is supported by the unison of the whole orchestra. Figure No. 2 is jeering and defiant; a single instrument, the first violin, is charged with it. This is Don Juan on the one side; on the other it is the fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, cousins and *Cicisbei*, the holy brotherhood and their *sbirri*, the excited multitude, who all sing from one tone. Twice this mass bands itself together to pursue the robber, who slips through their hands and mocks them in his flight. Now they deem it expedient to divide their forces. The quartet (of strings) begins the measure; the oboes and bassoons follow in the third quarter; the flutes in the following measure. During this movement, number One, divided in this way, remains none the less identical; number Two has disappeared. They hasten after it. All goes well at first; the strategic canon movements are executed with the most perfect precision and regularity; but here the violins get perplexed; instead of a G sharp they take G, which upsets the modulation and gives altogether a new turn to matters. Full of shame at their miscarriage, the violins break off the part; the rest, deserted by their officers, observe no longer any order or discipline; each repeats the passage in its own way, and the whole attack, at first so well conducted, resolves itself into a minor cadence admirably effective. The foe has received the prize of his boldness, the sweet prize of love, jubilee and triumph, intoxicating and joyous music.

In the middle sentence (*Satze*) the contrapuntal game is renewed, but differently, with more alternation and still more art. This time the warring figures are united in such a manner that you hear them both at once; the attack is renewed, strengthened by an auxiliary corps, namely the clarinets; and number Two divides itself between the first and second violins. This gives rise to very various combinations; the rapidity of the modulatory movements of number Two no longer permits number One to follow the canon sequence in unison and octave; it is compelled to answer in the Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh, both in the minor and the major, to attack the enemy at every point; but everywhere the defence makes front against the attack. You seem to see a sword whose sparks flash in all directions, or an *ignis fatuus*, dancing a fantastic waltz about you. The ear, confused in this harmonic labyrinth, and unable to hold the complicated threads, resigns itself with rapture to the total

* An idea imitated from HOFFMANN.

impression. This wonderful overture has no closing period. After the second part has reproduced in the Tonic, what the first part had let us hear in the Dominant, the modulation passes over into F major; the orchestra becomes more tranquil; a pleasant drowsiness succeeds to the most stirring energy; the overture dies away, as it were, just where the Introduction commences. Did not MOZART mean in this way to unite the imitative forms of pure music with those of concrete music, and lead us imperceptibly from the instrumental narrative style into dramatic action; just as the thoughts of a man in the act of waking connect and mingle gradually with the images of a beautiful dream?

"The curtain rustles up," &c. . . .

A Complaint and an Apology.

I. [From the Boston Atlas of Oct. 4th.]

"FROM MY DIARY."

It is amusing to see the bitterness with which the votaries of one school of painting, music, literature, and art will inveigh against another. No good can come out of the Nazareth where their neighbors abide. The musical world, in particular, has been for some time divided by a yawning gulf, on one side of which stand the votaries of "the old masters," and, on the other, those who love the music of their own day. The ancients call the moderns light; and the moderns call the ancients heavy; and inasmuch as the scales which measure both are submitted to no legal sealing, their respective weights will forever remain a question of dispute.

A New York gentleman, who, it seems, is in the habit of recording his daily thoughts, sends to *Dwight's Journal*, from time to time, extracts from his "Diary." And very strong extracts they are too—absolutely bitter with the quintessence of classicism. The gentleman is evidently an "ancient" of the most thorough and inexorable kind, for the most intense classicism flows literally from his fingers' ends. No. 2 of his extracts appeared a few days ago, and so strong a dose is it, that we are apprehensive for the safety of the unfortunate authors and performers and hearers who may be led into swallowing the potent draught. But as the drugs of the present day are very much adulterated, it may be as well to challenge the purity of this one as it passes.

Rossini's overture to *William Tell* receives the first attention of our erudite friend. It is "a capital piece to begin with in a fashionable concert." Indeed! Well, that concert would be a fine one indeed, which would lead off with such a composition!—particularly if it went on improving. Poor Rossini! After having amused and delighted the whole world for a quarter of a century, to have one of his finest creations styled *fashionable music*! There is one consolation for him, at least; several individuals in Boston and elsewhere, really think it a clever thing. Our writer proceeds to find fault with the Germanians, because they played Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, and did not play the "overture" and "scherzo." They were probably not aware that all the while there was a classicist up in New York watching their movements, or they would have played the whole "Dream" without mutilation. They will do well to consult him about the very next programme which they offer, as to what to omit and what not.

Now it is surprising how tastes will differ. Many would suppose that at a concert at which the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY should perform Rossini's Overture, "William Tell"—Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"—the duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*—a set of Strauss Waltzes—and where JAEHL should perform "Mendelssohn's Fantasia," a Fantasia of Thalberg, and his own "Rigoletto," would be a very fair concert—a concert such as, until a year or two, it would have been impossible to get up in these United States. But it is our ignorance alone which allows of such an opinion; for our New York

classicist, a man who has travelled, a man who evidently knows all about it, says: "What is there worth hearing in all these various performances, for its intrinsic merit?" and he proceeds to discourse thus:

Now among all the rich and cultivated—the elite of all our cities—from Madawaska to the Sabine!—could not musical taste enough be found to demand, not request, at a dollar concert, a concert given too by men worthy the name of artists, at least a specimen of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven?

Bear it in mind, henceforth, you concert givers, that no entertainment is worthy of a silver dollar, but one which shall be spiced with a sprinkling of the triumvirate mentioned. Painters!—exhibit nothing which shall not be Raphael, Titian, Guido! Poets!—print nothing which is not Chaucer, Spenser, Milton! Sculptors!—mould nothing which is not Phidias, Michael Angelo, Cellini! Lovers of art of all kinds!—frown on the creations of the great minds and skilful hands of your own day, and admire nothing, endure nothing, which is not at least a century old. Antiquity does wonders for you! You are safe in admiring anything which emanates from the obscurity of the past; but commit not the gross error of being pleased with the efforts of your contemporaries. There is a class of men, of whom the New York writer is a type, who worship the productions of the great minds of past ages, but can find no admiration for those of the present day. The classicists can scarce find terms of praise wherewith to extol the writings of those composers who have been the pioneers—and mighty ones, too—into the realms of music. No one is inclined to dissent from the admiration which they express for those great men; no one is desirous of interfering with their full and entire relish of the creations of these master minds. But many are inclined to dislike and to rebel against the law which these classicists seek to put upon the creations of later birth, which,—say what they choose—are in keeping with, and are the creatures of the times in which they are born. They have no right to claim for themselves a superiority of judgment, and to say that what they admire is heavenly, while what others equally relish, is wretched. While the merits of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, &c., are acknowledged and admired by all who know anything of music whatever, it is at the same time true that the persecuted Italian composers are loved in every country where music has as yet become a study or a pleasure. In the heart of Germany, in the home of the great old masters, the creations of Donizetti, of Rossini, of Bellini,—yes, and even of the despised Verdi himself, are played and sung to the delight of applauding audiences; and this is not of yesterday or to-day, but always has been and always will be. Music is a science only as far as its structure is concerned. The educated musician is gratified, professionally, with the way a work is built up, of changing chords and varying harmonies; but the hearer, the one who indulges in music merely as a recreation from the more serious pursuits of life, looks to the effect of the structure alone. Great works have been written, scientific, learned, wonderful in their combinations, which fail to arouse one warmer throb in the hearts of those who hear them. Many such works are extant. The classicists may pore over their profundity, may find learning in their construction, may admire the mind which can conceive such changes; but the unlearned hearer seeks in vain for the genius, the warmth, the naturalness which must exist in the composition of a great work. We do not hesitate to say that the music generally termed "light" by the "ancients" has given as much real happiness—we will not say more—to the world, as the more recondite and abstruse creations of bygone years. The taste for music must change with everything else. We cannot always play Mozart and Beethoven, any more than we can always read Milton and Spenser. We cannot always feel in the mood for the grand and lofty. We want, in these days of busy thought and action, a fair proportion of the style which belongs peculiarly to them. We want to read Burns and Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray in literature; we want to see Buckstone, and Morton, and

Planche on the stage, and we want to hear Donizetti, and Bellini, and Rossini, in opera and concert, because they harmonize with the natural sentiments and feelings of the people of our day; because they speak plainly and naturally to our hearts. But we do not inveigh against others, who can see no beauty in what is to us beautiful. We accord to their heroes a lofty merit, and do not sneer and jeer at what our idiosyncrasies do not permit us to entirely relish.

The New York diarist is a man who has seen the world. He has made the "grand tour." He asks about the Germanians:

Are they not bound to give our Western and Northern friends, at least one specimen at each concert of music of a higher grade than the 6 1-4 cent concert music of German beer saloons? . . . I do not pay \$1 to hear music which one hears abroad either for nothing in the open air, or for seven cents in the beer saloon.

Now if the Germans can hear such music as we spoke of, for seven cents, they are certainly to be envied, for it is far cheaper than we can procure the same; but does the gentleman suppose that we are to refrain from going to hear fine music in America because the Germans can hear it at a tenth price? What do we know or care about prices in Germany? Ask any one of these admirable musicians if they do not find in America a relish for good music, as warm as in their own country. He might as well say that he will not eat oranges here at half a dime, because they can be bought in Havana for a few cents a dozen, or refuse any luxury which is cheap in its native land. If he is so much disgusted, he had better emigrate to the favored country, and leave us to our Strauss waltzes, if we like them. He also says:

One reason why the really musical public sustains and encourages the Germanians is, that it is hoped through their instrumentality (no pun intended) to awaken and cultivate a true taste in music. They are regarded in some sense as musical missionaries.

This is, we imagine, a great mistake. The musical public sustains the Germanians, because it likes to hear them play—because they are the best to be got; and the musical public cares no more for cultivating a true taste in music, than it does about the success or non-success of the Germanians themselves. They play admirably—they play Strauss waltzes admirably, and polkas, and every thing they undertake, from Beethoven's greatest work to their own leader's polkas, and for that reason they succeed here, and not because of any imaginary mission in regard to our improvement. We have never before heard the great orchestral pieces played so well, and it is for this, that we relish them more. Their advent has started us up to enjoy a beauty never before presented; but their mission is, we imagine, to thrive in the world by the use of their excellent abilities, and at the same time gather a few laurels.

One more quotation and we are done. Speaking of a company of Indian vocalists, he says:

If they ever come within hail, I'll go and hear them, for I do think, that they cannot yet have learned to screech the arias, which every great or would-be great singer, thinks herself bound to inflict upon us in return for our hard dollars—"Robert, Robert," "Qui la voce," et id omne genus, until they are so hacknied that one had rather listen to Yankee Doodle on a hand organ.

As to the "screeching," some screech and some do not. It is not particularly necessary to screech in either of the fine compositions he has mentioned; but we would respectfully inquire, whether there can be any greater chance for screeching than is to be found in the scores of Mozart's operas? If music, which in some instances maintains a constant altitude of G to F in alt, is not a fair chance for "screeching" it will be difficult to find any. We imagine that it is the singer, and not the music which will decide the necessity of "screeching."

However, it is needless to pursue the question farther. There are two styles of music, the harmonic and melodic. Some are charmed by simple melody—yes! even the most learned and profound may be moved to tears by a simple strain of beauty. This susceptibility is the natural one of the heart. It belongs alike to the uneducated and best instructed. It is the found-

ation upon which is builded the modern romantic school, which appeals to the simple sentiments of humanity, clothed more or less fully in the garb of harmony. Without more or less of this melody, harmony becomes unintelligible. The "ancients" are satisfied with but little of its influence in their favorite works. The "moderns" are not satisfied without a large admixture of its flow and its grace. Of course there is much poor music, but it should be judged by other music of its own class. All styles are, as styles, worthy of each other. Because some writers perpetrate poor stuff, their class, their *genus* should not be put under ban. Much may be written on this subject, but we will leave it here with the hope that few men may be found to put forth such bigotted, narrow, flippant, self-satisfied articles as this "Diary" one. It is not the sense of our community in general, and we think that few, even of the most ardent lovers of the "old masters" would be inclined thus to speak of the Germania Musical Society Concerts. C.

II. The humble apology and plea for mercy of the "Diarist," in a note to his honored Mentor, "C." of the Boston Atlas.

DEARLY BELOVED:—A friend has sent me your kind and friendly notice of No. 2, else I had not seen it. You "do me proud" by the learning which you attribute to the writer of No. 2. He is not scientific, and he finds he did not know what he thought he knew. But he knows now—he has read "C.'s" communication in the *Atlas*. Gratitude swells his heart, that a stranger so charitably has come forward and, reasoning from that lofty position on which he stands and surveys the whole world of music, condescended to enlighten him—"the Diarist"—as to the true character of his bigotted, narrow, flippant, self-satisfied articles. In view of the great goodness of his unknown benefactor, "the Diarist" feels compelled to say "thank you" and "much obliged."

Will "C." lend a listening ear to one who has been guilty of "making the grand tour," and not despise the words of one who would explain how he has fallen into his grave errors, at the same time that he apologizes for them in all humility? "C.", no doubt, in the kindness of his heart, will.

"The Diarist" years ago undertook the pursuit of musical knowledge "under difficulties." Then came the glorious era when the Boston Concerts, and the vast collections of American Musical Literature in the Harvard Musical Association Library, the Harvard College Library, and some private collections, came within reach. He heard the first and he read the second. The treasures of the American Musical periodical press of that day were opened to him. He devoured all. But what excited the highest delight, what satisfied his cravings for farther information, perhaps beyond all else, were the profound critical analyses, the deep thoughts, and ponderous strength of the musical papers in the Boston Daily press. Here was richness! Sometimes they were too deep for him, and he mourned. Perhaps one of your remarks, dear "C.", partakes a little of this character,—this one—I do not take it to be superficial—only too profound: "There are two styles of music, the harmonic," &c., (See above).

This by the way.

And so in course of time, even "the Diarist" began to get a glimpse of the idea, which you have stated so admirably, and which is no doubt as original as it is deep:

"The educated musician is gratified, professionally, with the way a work is builded up, of

changing chords and varying harmonies; but the hearer, the one who indulges in music merely as a recreation from the more serious pursuits of life, looks to the effect of the structure alone."

He was simply a "hearer," and he noticed that different compositions affected him variously. He attended the Opera, so magnificently brought upon the stage at "the Howard," with that noble chorus, splendid orchestra, and singers of world-wide fame, and he felt a pleasurable excitement, a sensual delight, caused—with all due deference to a higher judgement, be it said—by its influence on the ear. When the heroes and heroines were in difficulties—taking poison, for instance—he had no doubt that the music took poison too:—it made oftentimes horrible wailings on such occasions—and he felt the next morning that the critics did not half do the singers and musicians justice. When he heard Miss Anna Stone pleading: "Return, Oh God of Hosts;" when he heard the chorus joining in the "Hallelujah;" when the orchestra played a March, as Samson's dead body was supposed to be brought by; when in that "classic" Beethoven's C minor Symphony, he followed the doubt and agitation of the first movement, the majestic and sublime depths of sorrow of the second, the revulsion of feeling into the extravagant merriment of the condemned who thus covers his despair, of the third, until that mighty hymn of joy and infinite happiness at the close;—when, even, he heard some of the fine glees and madrigals of living, as well as dead, composers, in all these and many more—in Zeuner's psalm tunes—not in Russell's songs—he thought not of singers and performers, he had only felt the music, and in his ignorance and folly had only wept. The "effect" was different.

In the course of his reading he had learned that certain composers were called "classics"—unhappy word! and found that in England, France and Germany, they were placed at the head of all composers because their works produced certain effects upon all truly cultivated hearers—such as you, my Mentor—far beyond those of all others. He found that certain compositions took hold of his feeling, let who would sing them—provided they were sung correctly—that others would not though sung by Tedesco herself, and sung in a way to ravish one with—the performance. [Do you see the intended distinction?]

Now, my dear "C.", you see how the foundation of all the bigotry, narrowness, &c., of "the Diarist" was laid. He had made the mistake of thinking that music in its highest sense was a language—that of the heart.

He found that certain composers, some of whom actually lived—though not so long ago as Raphael and Titian—still before our day, had acquired that mastery over the language of the heart, which a certain Shakspeare and a certain Burke, and a certain Webster, have attained over the language in which intellectual ideas are expressed—at least so it seemed to him. All these great masters affected him alike; they made him weep; they made him laugh; they made his bosom swell, and the hot blood pour through his veins—Donizetti did not—Bellini did not. It was a pleasure to hear their music, but a different one.

In this unfortunate condition the Diarist *did* go where he might have opportunity to hear in all their grandeur the works of those, who in Boston had so moved him. And could he only have the approbation of "C.", with what pleasure would

he remember such a concert as that by the royal orchestra at Berlin, where he, with W. and J., and two thousand other persons, all alike enraptured, entranced,—not a sound—no whisper, no drumming with heel or toe, no criticism of ladies' dresses,—all intent on the music—listened to that magnificent orchestra as they played three symphonies—one by Mozart, one by Haydn, and the First of Beethoven.

How wrong it was for "the Diarist" and his friends to follow the multitude to the Royal Opera where they played Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Mozart's, Gluck's, Meyerbeer's, Weber's works, almost to the entire exclusion of Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, etc., while the Italians were playing these latter down at the Koenigstaedisches to empty benches. I apologize for it all!

You will perceive, kind Mentor, that "the Diarist" writes more in sorrow than in anger, and that he has been led into error for the want of proper early culture. May your children have it!

"The Diarist" would rather like to have the Germanians consult him as to the programme of one of their concerts, just to see how the "old-fogey" music, which so delighted him once, would seem under the new light which has arisen upon him.

Now receive the overflowings of a thankful heart, unknown friend, for another favor, no doubt unconsciously conferred. From your article at length the inquiring mind can draw a never-failing canon of criticism. Hereafter "the Diarist" will make no mistakes. He needs but to ask, is it popular, does the multitude like it—if so he will know it is good. When the "Messiah" is performed, he can go to Christie's. When Beethoven *et id genus omne* are played, he can save his money and his credit, by waiting for the "Sacred Concert" at the Shakspeare Hotel.

As in one art so in others.

In sculpture, "Jarley's wax-work" shall be preferred to the Athenæum Gallery; in painting, the faces of that holy, unearthly Madonna and that divine child—every feature glowing with omniscience, and of that Magdalen, reclining in the shade, so full of penitence and woe, tempered by hope of mercy, the glories of the Dresden gallery, shall give way to the Dollies, and the Mollies, which are popular and hang in every cottage; in poetry, he will no longer belong to the "ancients"—the one idea class; the "Buccaneers," the "snake of Springfield Mountain," shall supplant the Albatross of the dark sea, and the treasured pamphlet containing Sprague's "Curiosity" shall be exchanged for the most popular Negro Melodist.

After this humble apology and explanation, it is to be hoped that "C." will now forgive the strange but unintentional errors of

THE DIARIST.

An Incident in the Life of Madame Sontag.

Let not every singing mistress, however great her ability, anticipate such good fortune at St. Petersburg as that which Madame Czecca met with. She was indebted for her favorable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty preju-

dices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net proceeds were 14,000 rubles. The day after the concert, Madame Czeca showed the countess the cash account of its results. "Ah! Henriette," said she, "what have you done for me?" "For you?" cried the countess, and threw herself, sobbing aloud, into her arms. "For you? no, for myself! Ah! once more, after many years, have I enjoyed an hour of the purest and most complete happiness. . . . But you will divine my feelings; the element of my existence is wanting. The sight of a theatre saddens me; the triumph of a singer humbles me; the sound of the organ, which summons others to devotion, drives me from the sanctuary. I am a fallen priestess, who has broken her vow. Art, which I have betrayed, now spurns me, and her angry spirit follows me like an avenging spectre." Bathed in tears, she sank upon the sofa. . . . A servant entered and announced a stranger, who earnestly insisted to speak with the countess. A denial had no other result than to produce an urgent repetition of the request. "Impossible!" cried the countess; "I can see no one, thus agitated, and with my eyes red from weeping." "Never mind that," said Madame Czeca, "you are not the less handsome; and perhaps, it is some unfortunate person whom you can assist." The last argument prevailed. Madame Czeca left the room, and the stranger was shown in. He was a tall figure, in Armenian costume. His grey beard flowed down to his girdle; his large sparkling eyes were ardent and expressive. For a few moments he stood in silent contemplation of the countess; and only on her repeated inquiry of the motive of his visit did he seem to collect his thoughts; and then, in a somewhat unconnected manner, explained his errand. "I am a merchant from Charkow," he said, "and my life is entirely engrossed by my business and my family. Beyond those I have only one passion, namely, for music and song. The great fame which the countess formerly enjoyed in the artistic world reached even to our remote town, and my most ardent wish has ever been to have one opportunity of hearing and admiring her. Your retirement from the stage seemed to have frustrated this wish forever, when suddenly we learned that, out of gratitude to your former teacher, you had resolved to appear once more before the public, and sing at her concert. Unable to resist my desire to hear you, I left business, wife, and children, and hastened hither. I arrived yesterday, and had no sooner alighted than I sent for tickets. It was in vain; at no price was one to be obtained. Countess, I cannot return home without hearing you. You are so good; yesterday, for love of a friend, you sang in public; make an old man happy, and rejoice his heart with half a verse of a song; I shall then have heard you, and shall not have made this long journey in vain." As the dewdrops of night are absorbed by the bright rays of the morning sun, so did the last traces of tears disappear from the smiling countenance of the charming woman. With that amiable grace which is peculiarly her own, she drew an arm chair near the piano for the old man, and, seating herself at the instrument, abandoned herself to the inspirations of her genius. Her rosy fingers flew over the keys, the prelude echoed through the spacious saloon; the countess had disappeared, Henrietta Sontag was herself again; or, rather, she was Desdemona in person. The song was at an end; the musician, transported for the moment into higher regions, returned gradually to earth and to consciousness. She looked round at her audience. The old Armenian was upon his knees beside her, pressing the folds of her dress to his brow. After the pause which followed the song, he raised his countenance; its expression was of indescribable delight, mingled, however, with a trace of sadness. He would have risen, would have spoken, but could not. The singer's little hand came to his assistance. He pressed it convulsively to his lips, rose to his feet, and, in so doing, slipped a costly ring from his finger to hers. Then he tottered to the door. There he stopped, turned round, and fixed a long and penetrating gaze upon the singer. "Alas!" he exclaimed, in tones of deepest melan-

choly, "how great the pity!" And, with the last word upon his lips, he disappeared. Henrietta Sontag returned to her piano: she would have continued singing, but her voice failed her. Deeply affected, she rested her head upon the music stand, and in mournful accents, repeated the Armenian's words. Yes, she said, aloud, "the pity is great indeed." And, sadly pondering, she sank upon the sofa. — *Jermann's Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

A Tragical Ballad.

[The following is from our friend Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I., from whom we are happy to hear always.]

DEAR DWIGHT, — The article on the "Dies Ira" in your last Journal, (Oct. 9th,) reminds me of a piece which I translated some time ago from Justinus Kerner; and unless the *Germano-phobia* forbids, you may care to have it for your columns. It appears to me to have something to do with a very striking picture in an old illustrated edition of that quaint and charming old poet and humorist, Matthias Claudius, which I have, and which represents four lank and cadaverous madmen, with a strong family likeness to each other, sitting in a room that opens out into a court where a woman, who is pumping, seems to be watching them over her shoulders. One of them, the tallest and oldest, sits bolt upright with his feet crossed and hands folded with a vacant look of resigned despair; the next, with his hands clasped on his knees, bends forward and looks hard at the roots of his forelock; of the two opposite, the one, apparently the youngest of all, sits rubbing his knees with the palms of his hands, fixing a stolid sensual look at the old brother over against him, while the other, at his side, with dishevelled hair, knees drawn up and his chin supported by his hands, is wrestling like a Laocöon with the internal serpents of remorse. Claudius says they are four sons of a musician, that "they sit silent all day long; only when a patient dies in the hospital, and it is announced by the usual three strokes from the tower, they strike up a verse from a dirge. They are therefore called in the house the death-cocks." Did this suggest Kerner's poem of

THE FOUR CRAZY BROTHERS?

In yon mad-house, lean and bony,
Each a living skeleton,
Sit four men; — with pale and stony
Lips, from which all breath seems gone,
Face to face, in staring sadness,
Sit they in the house of madness.

But when midnight strikes the hour,
All their hair stands up on end;
Then those lips, with ghostly power,
Forth the dismal chorus send:

"Dies Ira — dies illa
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

These were once four wicked brothers,
Drinking, cursing, all night long,
Each contending with the others
For the palm of graceless song;
Friendship's kindly counsel scorning,
Heedless of a father's warning.

Still the old man spake, when dying,
To the wicked brothers four:

"Think! ye too shall soon be lying,
Pale and cold at death's dark door;

"Dies Ira — dies illa
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

So he spake, and then departed,
But his words touched not their breast;
God took home the broken-hearted
To his everlasting rest;
They, like damned sprites are driven
On towards hell — far — far from Heaven.

Wilder grew these wicked brothers
Year by year, without a care

For the wants or woes of others,
Tender cheek or hoary hair.

Merry brothers, fear no evil!
There is neither God nor devil!

Once, as midnight saw them reeling

Home from drunken revelry —
Hark! a holy hymn comes pealing
From the house of God near by;

With satanic fury swelling,

"Stop," they cried, "ye hounds, your yelling!"

And they rushed with oaths infernal,
Storming through the holy door,
When, as if to announce the eternal
Judgment, sounds that strain once more:

"Dies Ira — dies illa
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

And their lips stand widely parted,
But there comes no word nor tone,
God hath struck the guilty-hearted
Stiff as images of stone.
Pallid cheek and hair all hoary
Tell the melancholy story.

In the mad-house, lean and bony
Each a living skeleton,
Now they sit, with pale and stony
Lips, from which all breath seems gone,
Face to face, in staring sadness,
Sit they in the house of madness.

But when midnight strikes the hour,
All their hair stands up on end;
Then those lips, with ghostly power,
Forth the dismal chorus send:

"Dies Ira — dies illa
Solvat sæculum in favillâ!"

C. T. B.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

LOWELL MASON, in a letter to the *Musical World and Times*, thus describes the enthusiasm with which he listened to this great work at the recent festival at Birmingham.

"We are entirely incompetent to give any description of this composition; — first, because we did not know it, and secondly, because we have not sufficient musical knowledge to do it. Suffice it to say, that whatever can be suggested to an awakened imagination, by the whole range of sounds which the vibrating atmosphere is capable of producing, or man's perceptive powers are capable of appreciating, is here brought to view, portrayed, delineated, exhibited, expressed. Handel has done nothing like this; great and unapproachable as he is, here is something in the world of sounds that is far in advance of anything that he has left recorded. We believe Handel to have been as great a genius as Beethoven; but it was reserved for Beethoven to go down into the deep, and explore more thoroughly the works of the Infinite, in this department. God is not yet fully known in his works; yet science is gradually revealing him; and in the kingdom of sounds, as well as in that of plants, and minerals, in living things, and in surrounding worlds, he is manifesting himself in the researches and investigations of him whom he made in his own image. Beethoven is the great modern revealer of truth, as it exists in the region of sounds. He has extended the boundaries of science; and from their combinations and their successions, he has given to the world new views as to the variety and power of tones; so that modern musical science now rests essentially upon his works. We do not mean to exclude the Bachs, Mozarts, or even Mendelssohns, from the honored catalogue; but we only speak of Beethoven in this connection, and in this point of view, as him who stands pre-eminently great.

A gentleman near to us, a learned musician, and a distinguished writer on music, who spoke to us of the first production of the Choral Symphony in England, said: 'It was long before it could be understood, or appreciated, and even now there are parts of it which are not understood.' True, indeed; neither are the sun and the moon and the stars understood; but they shed down upon us their light and heat, and give life and bliss. Our own frame, how little it is understood, but yet it answers our purpose. Electricity is not understood, and probably never will be; yet something of it has been revealed by modern investigations, and we are beginning to know some of the laws by which it may be made subservient to him who is Lord of all below. Who understands the ocean, a tempest, or the everlasting hills? yet these things have great moral power

over man, and may be made to minister to his happiness. Who comprehends immensity and eternity? But does it follow that, therefore, these may not fill the mind with aspirations after the Infinite, the source of all perfection and happiness? We may not understand, and yet may derive great pleasure and good from the musical forms of truth, which Beethoven or others have discovered. If God can be seen in his works; if ideas of beauty and sublimity can bring up any proper conceptions to the imagination of the good and true; then Beethoven has, in part, lifted the veil; but yet we may not fully understand; Beethoven himself might not have understood his own productions, for even human nature restored, purified, and raised to its highest degree of intellectual and moral greatness, can only appreciate in part the wonderful works of its own creation.

"The Choral Symphony is in a key which has wrought wonders in the hands of many masters, viz.: D minor. It is divided in three parts. The first part comprises three movements, viz.:

- I.—*Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.*
- II.—*Scherzo molto vivace.*
- III.—*Adagio molto e cantabile.*

"The third movement leads to the second or choral part of the Symphony, as follows:

- I.—Tenor Recitative—"Companions! be wise."
- II.—Solo and chorus, bass—"Welcome, ye who pine in sadness."
- III.—Quartet—Sweet content, our hope inviting."
- IV.—Quartet and chorus—"Oh! may he whose soul is despairing."
- V.—Tenor solo, and chorus—"Oh! thou bright fire!"
- VI.—Quartet and chorus—"Oh! ye sons of earth!"

"As we have already intimated, we dare not attempt any description of this music. We repeat, we have heard it but once; but if we may judge of it by the feelings it produced in us, then it is certainly to be classed with the most powerful of all musical compositions. We do not know but, in years past, we have been as much moved and delighted with music, and if so, it was at the performance of Handel's *Messiah*, in the same Hall, in 1837. But this can hardly be regarded as a proper comparison, since the *Messiah* is not merely musical, or does not rest so much on musical power, but brings to its aid the wonders of man's redemption, as drawn from the divine word; it tells of the birth, sufferings, and death of the Saviour, the *Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world*; of the progress and universal triumph of His kingdom, and of the hallelujahs of the redeemed. But if we were as much moved on that occasion, and in part certainly by music, we did not suppose it possible ever again to feel its influence in so high a degree. We were almost foolish enough that so far as it related to our own experience, the powers of the art and been exhausted. Beethoven's Ninth reproved us for this folly and unbelief, and carried us away we know whither. And not we alone, for the feelings of the whole audience were aroused, and such an enthusiasm was manifested as we had hardly seen before. But we have said enough of this great work, for our present purpose. We shall hear it ere long in New York or Boston; but stay ye, who lead in these things, and do not attempt it until orchestra, solo, and chorus are fully prepared for the mighty task of its performance."

WEIMAR. On the occasion of the solemnity of the 15th ult. Liszt directed in the Catholic chapel the performance of a new mass, written by himself, the style of which is characterized by grandeur and dramatic animation.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. IV.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29. Noteworthy in the history of American criticism, that though Alboni's concert last night was put out as well as the gas lights, the Daily — this morning, speaks of her singing as having been superb, and the whole performance of a very high order.

Sept. 30. Dropped in a few minutes in the evening to hear another wonder, the little girl Urso, on the violin. Must jot down one occurrence. During her performances she stands on a small moveable platform three or

four feet square, which raises her from the stage a foot or so. After the song from Mr. Feitlinger, the proper person came out to place the platform in its proper position. Somebody clapped—as they do at the shilling theatres on such occasions—and the moment after the joke took, and Mr. Nameless was greeted with an immense round of applause; the gallery actually shook. Then little Urso appeared, and —

"Well, what?" from the impatient reader.

Oh, nothing, only the musical public applauded her also.

Oct. 1. Was present at Sontag's concert. Have nothing special to remark upon it, only that when she was singing her first piece, from the opera of *Der Freischütz*, "*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*," notwithstanding the principal melody was long since manufactured into a psalm tune "by Weber," I cried like a great baby all the time.

Oct. 5. How splendidly Sontag did sing last night! And Badiali, and what a wonder that little boy Jullien is!—By the way, how is it that directors of concerts so soon learn that the more noisy the overtures given, the better they take? Last night we had Spontini's "Vestalin" overture—one of his finest compositions—but such a racket! The other was Flotow's overture to *Martha*. Years ago Weber wrote the music to a Melodrama on the same subject, which Longfellow has chosen for his "Spanish Student," and in the beautiful overture you have the dancing girl's tamborine introduced, or something of the kind. Flotow has imitated this and, like all imitators, makes nothing of it. Poor stuff enough. The opera is "*Martha*," or the *Richmond Fair*, and he introduces into the overture a tamborine, while the orchestra imitates a—hurdygurdy! This piece was encored! The director however began back only far enough to give us the tamborine and hurdygurdy.

Oct. 6. "The Germania Serenade Band will perform F. Schubert's grand and only Symphony, which is a masterpiece."—*Boston paper*.

As a note on the word only, which I find in italics, the following passages from Schilling's *Encyclopædie der Musikalischen Wissenschaften*, article "Schubert, Franz," will answer very well.

"After his voice changed he left the institution and lived by turns in his father's house or hired lodgings; studied the works of his favorite Triumvirate, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; gave lessons, and devoted all his leisure hours entirely to original composition, to which he was impelled by a burning enthusiasm, and which rendered possible an almost inconceivable facility in production. Already in his boyhood, without instruction, [*Anleitung*] he had brought to paper quartets, symphonies, piano-forte pieces, and the like; now he tried his powers in all branches of the art, and what he accomplished in spite of all hindrances both in quantity and quality, surpasses almost all belief. Operas, *Symphonies*, Choruses, Overtures, Cantatas, Psalms, Masses, Graduales, Offertories, Stabat Mater, Allelujachs, numerous Sonatas, Trios, Variations, Fantasias, Rondos, Improptus, Dances, Marches, vocal and string Quartets, Italian Arias, a grand Octet, and many other works prove indeed a rare fertility."

Again in a notice of his brother Ferdinand, Schilling says:

"Of the rich stores which the deceased (Franz) left behind him, he (Ferdinand) possesses in manuscript, 6 Masses, 12 *Symphonies*, and 9 Operas."

Oct. 7. A private letter from Europe, by the last steamer, gives the following information:

"The success of Jenny Lind, in our favored land, has excited all the dramatic and operatic artists—all want to partake in the glorious American harvest."

A paper states that some \$600,000 was divided between Barnum and Jenny Lind—and Barnum is not satisfied with such a report. What, only six hundred and odd thousand dollars for singing a certain number of songs! Oh humbug! much more than that. So come on, old and young, men, women and children, here's the harvest—the glorious American harvest—and the reapers are few. We are too poor to support an opera, so come on, sing us a few operatic airs, and you shall carry more money home with you, than the whole Opera over which Goethe did, and Liszt does, preside, costs the Government and the people of Weimar.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (i. e. in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price, one dollar.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.

It was one of our best audiences, though not so numerous as the next will surely be, that greeted the young Danish *prima donna* last Saturday evening. Most of the *habitués* and amateurs had thronged of course to the Melodeon, eager to see and hear the singer of such fair report, who, it has been hoped, may fill the vacant *prima-donna* ship of Boston. On the part of the very great majority, at all events, there was all pre-disposition to be pleased, and none were disappointed, who had come with reasonable expectations; always allowing of course for a certain few in every audience, everywhere, who are critical in specialties and who maintain the unbelieving attitude as long as they can find a plea for it. We give our impression of her singing, stage by stage as it grew upon us, subject of course to the safer tests of repeated future hearings.

After a fine performance of the magic overture to *Oberon*, by a well-selected orchestra of some four and twenty from the Musical Fund Society, conducted by AUGUST FRIES, the lady was led on amid hearty and protracted plaudits. Her appearance was entirely prepossessing: a blonde, of large and noble figure, with a good, kindly, sincere Northern face, a rather aristocratic carriage of the head, graceful, modest, lady-like in manner, she had at once the sympathy, respect and confidence of her audience. All exclaimed: "a noble figure for the lyric stage!" The first piece, the queenly, florid melody of *Bel raggio*, from Rossini's *Semiramide*, brought out the large, sonorous, pure and sympathetic quality of her voice, a *mezzo soprano* singularly even throughout its whole scale which terminates downwards in some rich and strong contralto tones. But it was not the piece to show her finest power. The tone was firm, the intonation true, the execution bold and ample and impressive. There was much to admire, more to hope; yet there was somewhat wanting, something that is best suggested perhaps by recalling such a singer as Mme. Bosio;—that fine fluidity of outline, that *netteté*, that light and shade &c., which melted away all heavy uniformity and made it as a whole vital and complete. Not that the two were ever destined to be alike. Yet there was so much truth and power in this singing, so much of the good, solid soul of music behind the singing, that it was only after reflection and some mental comparison with other models that we slowly became aware of these deductions. If it has taken some words scrupulously to note these reservations, yet was the total effect on us one of real and rare pleasure, and we were in spirit part and parcel of the very warm applause which followed Mlle. Lehmann's noble, interest-

ing, if not faultless, rendering of the Rossini cavatina. Not without some nervousness and some of the weakening effects of suffering from home-sickness in a strange land, had the lady braved this *debut*, now no longer formidable.

A pretty compliment was paid her, and the public, in the selection of the clarinet fantasia, played next by Mr. RYAN, which bore the title of *L'attente et l'arrivée* (the expectation and the arrival), an expressive composition by Reissiger, in which we could trace some allusions, at an humble distance, to Beethoven's piano-forte Sonata: *Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*. Then she sang Schubert's "Serenade"; — German music! — in which she has been baptized and bred; and here we thought to find more of her real, her peculiar power, but we found less. It was the least satisfactory of her several efforts, — why, we were at a loss to comprehend. But, reader, wait! we have not heard her yet. We have got to hear first a noisy, rattling concert duo for violin and violoncello, the joint work of Schubert (could it be Franz?) and Kummer, and played, perhaps as well as it deserved, by the brothers FRIES, who were unfortunate in their selection. Then comes the intermission, during which we all compare notes, finding ourselves already warm friends of the lady, even if we make our special criticisms and own our disappointment in the "Serenade." Trust those who were favored yesterday at her rehearsal, and be persuaded that you have not heard her, till we have the *Scena* from "Der Freyschütz."

If the First Part collapsed in a sorry fashion in that "Duo Concertante," Part Second opens with a triumph. The glorious overture to *Don Giovanni* heralds the greatest effort of the singer. And now those rich, deep, thoughtful orchestral accords, and the pensive tones of the recitative: *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, steal from her lips in much the same musing and subdued manner in which Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT sang it. It was beautifully done, that Recitative; in the true style and spirit of the music. So too was the religious strain: *Leise, leise, fromme Weise*, to which the instruments breath a low wind-harp accompaniment; and the transition to the quicker, measured recitative, in which she catches with eager, love-sick ear the midnight sounds that tell the stillness of the forest; — it was all fine, — artistically, feelingly expressed. And the rapturous *Er ist!* ("Tis he!") with the glorious Allegro, and the alternations of bliss and foreboding, were all given with a genuine dramatic fire. This was indeed a triumph. In the *greatest* music she has succeeded greatly: all the rest we can set down now as accidental. The audience were transported, and to imperative encores she answered with a sweet, wild little Northern melody, one of the Swedish composer, Lindblad's, songs, if we mistake not, in which she accompanied herself at the piano. This was very fresh and charming and revived our wonder that such music is so little sung at concerts. The songs of Lindblad, while artistically perfect in their forms, both of melody and accompaniment, are as fresh and *naïve* as the popular melodies of oldest date.

Mr. EDWARD LEHMANN, the well-known brother of the *cantatrice*, was warmly greeted and applauded after his fantasia on the flute; but the audience were especially and justly delighted with the orchestral arrangement and execution of one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs ("I would

that my love, &c."), in which the voice parts were deliciously rendered by the trumpets *obbligato* of Messrs. Schnapp and Rimbach.

In the cavatina from "La Favorita": *Oh, Mon Fernand*, which she sang in French, Mlle. Lehmann was highly effective. The abiding impression of the whole is that we are to be favored this winter with a singer, qualified by voice, talent, character and true, deep culture amid the masters and the music of Germany and Northern Europe, to sustain worthily the higher kinds of song in our select and classic concerts; and we are confident that Mlle. Lehmann will prove a most valuable acquisition to the musical material of Boston and its vicinity, and will add vastly to the attractiveness of the already very choice and delightful concerts of our "Mendelssohn Quintette Club."

From our Leipsic Correspondent.

Mlle. LEHMANN — DAVID'S NEW OPERA — FLOTOW'S "MARTHA" — WEBER'S "PRECIOSA" — ORGAN MUSIC — THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS.

LEIPSIK, Sept. 25th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, — Although it is too early in the season for much musical news, perhaps you will not be sorry to hear what is going on in this part of the world. And first, I must mention the short visit which Mlle. Lehmann, (who is now far on her way to Boston,) paid Leipsic about a fortnight since. She had been singing in Hamburg with much success, I am told, on her way from Denmark, and hoped to have sung at the theatre here; but unfortunately the Director had already several engagements with singers, and besides, was very busy in preparing David's new opera for representation. So that this was impossible, and I had only the opportunity of hearing and admiring her very remarkable talent the day that she sang to Professor Moscheles. He accompanied her in a grand *Scena* and *Aria* from the *Prophète*, and also in Schubert's *Wanderer*, and *Erl King*, and expressed himself highly delighted and impressed with the great dramatic talent and feeling, and fine quality of voice which she displayed. Boston people may well congratulate themselves upon such an acquisition. We have certainly never had a singer settled amongst us who could compare with her, in beauty and compass of voice, in style and feeling. But you will soon hear her more than I ever have, and can judge of the truth of what I say concerning her great capabilities.

A week ago, David's new opera, *Hans Wachs*, was brought out, under his direction, at the Leipsic Opera House. The audience was very large and applauded warmly, though at the second representation there were but few people, and they, coldly disposed. The reason of the want of success of this, the first opera of the distinguished violinist, is principally, the diffuse, disconnected, and uninteresting style of libretto which his poet composed for him. The hero, Hans Wachs, is a perfect nullity throughout the piece, until he suddenly finds himself the brave and solitary defender of his native town, just before the curtain drops, and hastens to marry his daughter to one of the enemy, with whom she has been in love during the siege. The music is pleasing — never striking — admirably written and scored. A duet for Tenor and Soprano in the first act, and a Fugue in the last, cleverly introduced in a scene where the affrighted magistrates are assembled

together, deliberating upon the quickest and surer means of running away from the besieging enemy, struck me most. Generally, the music is so agreeable, that if the libretto had been better, it might have obtained a much greater success.

We have had *Fidelio*, the head and front of master-pieces, "Robert the Devil," the *Freischütz*, *Preciosa*, and Flotow's very charming opera of "Martha," given, since I came here, about four weeks since. I heard "Martha" in Munich this summer; and this, my second hearing, confirmed the agreeable impression it left upon me. It would certainly be extremely popular in America, being full of melodies which stay easily in the memory, not too noisy, and full of delicious accompaniments, and some really original and striking effects.

Weber's *Preciosa*, which I never heard before, is a melo-drama, with very little music. What there is, is worthy of the great maestro. All the world knows the March, which constantly recurs throughout the piece. Besides this, there is an echo chorus, sung by the Gipsies at night, in a wood, which is of singular beauty.

This morning we had a concert in the Thomas Kirche, given by a Leipsic organist named Schellenberg, assisted by the Choristers of the Thomas Schule, and Herr Behr, a singer from the opera. The programme was made up of compositions by Bach, Mendelssohn, and Hauptmann. Among other works of Bach, we had an aria with flute and organ accompaniment, sung by Herr Behr; and a Cantata for solo and chorus with organ; also a fantasia and fugue for the organ, given with grand effect. In the second part a most exquisitely beautiful motette of Mendelssohn, and a *Geistliches Lied* (spiritual song) of Hauptmann's, with which I was much impressed. Herr Schellenberg plays with great execution, and the concert was highly interesting to me. Next week the Gewandhaus concerts begin. The first ten are to be led by David; the rest by the celebrated composer, Niels W. Gade. I am looking forward to them with great anticipations of enjoyment, and shall not fail to write you sometimes of the music performed. P.

ALBONI IN BOSTON. The great Contralto will arrive this evening from New York; and for our concert-goers next week will be all a feast, as rich, to say the least, as we may hope for this year. She will have sung twice to us before we write again, — on Tuesday and on Thursday. And what do we expect? A voice, for richness, sweetness, power, and even tearful quality of tone, unequalled in the world. A delivery as natural and perfect as the flow of water. A style, the truest living type of the true, the best Italian school, — the school before Verdi and the screamers. Sonorous beauty, possessed and bestowed with most kindly and luxurious nonchalance. In a word we expect the experience of a new sensation, as if we were promised something better than the smell of new-mown hay. We have not heard her; it is all conjecture; but the testimonies of thousands, who have heard, point (when well sifted) to the one distinct sphere of Elysium in which we shall be lapped. We have not yet experienced it; but we know that she is the living voice of Rossini's music, and we know what Rossini's music is, and therefore know that a sensation, hitherto imagined or but half experienced, is to be made wholly real to us. The

sensuous music of ROSSINI—we use the word in its harmonic and best sense—the wholesome, bright, luxurious music of that happy type of sensibilities and senses all in tune with one another and with nature:—that is what ALBONI shall present to us, and that was worthy of an Alboni to present it.

Go and listen, and fling away all preconceived comparisons or intentions of comparison with Lind or Sontag; for, depend upon it, such comparisons are idle, measuring perhaps the foolish brains of those who make them, but measuring not at all the angles at which these three great singers stand related to each other.

THE "HUMBLE APOLOGY" of our friend, the "Diarist," came last week, but too late for insertion then. We give it this time with "C's" article entire, which is a well-written statement of its side of the matter. Had "C." sent his piece to us, instead of to the *Atlas*, it should have found welcome place in our columns; for we delight in representing both sides of an honest difference.

As to the "Diary" we think "C." makes too much of it,—takes it too seriously. We publish it precisely for its quaint spice of individuality. We would publish too the opposite quaintness of any other individuality as genuine. The "Diarist" is eccentric, strong in his partialities, opinionated it may be; but in the sincere jottings of a private journal he gives many wholesome truths and criticisms, (albeit mingled with odd notions), which are too apt to be trimmed down until they lose their point in a more formal article. Come, who will offset the note-book of this "ancient" with an equally readable and genuine note-book of a modern, who is ultra-Italian and "nothing else."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

CAMILLE URSO. Two concerts have confirmed all we said of this wonderful girl violinist. Two concerts, attended by an intelligent, nay an exacting audience, delighted almost to tears,—and yet not money enough in the house to pay expenses! Indifference to flaming advertisements of precocity is well; but it was not well, not worthy of the taste of Boston thus to neglect one of the purest manifestations of genius that ever seemed to come to us so straight from heaven. It was one of the most beautiful, most touching experiences of our whole musical life, to see and hear that charming little maiden, so natural and childlike, so full of sentiment and thought, so self-possessed and graceful in her whole bearing and in every motion, handle her instrument there like a master, drawing forth tones of purest and most feeling quality; with an infallible truth of intonation, unattained by many an orchestra leader; reproducing perfectly, as if by the heart's own direct magnetic agency, an entire Concerto of Viotti or De Beriot, wooing forth the gentler melodies with a fine and caressing delicacy, and giving out strong passages in chords (double-stopping) with even thrilling grandeur. There is something in that, which may not be regarded lightly; it sets the reverential chords to vibrating quite as strongly, and far more finely, than "rapping spirits," &c.

And she is gone! We had hoped that she might be heard at Mme. Alboni's concerts. Better still would be a union with that other wonder, little Paul Jullien, and perhaps also with little Patti, who sings Jenny Lind's songs!

THE MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY continue their public rehearsals with great vigor, in spite of the sound-stifling effect of Herr Anderson's paraphernalia, limiting their stage room. After this week their rich symphonic vibrations will find more air. Last Friday afternoon, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and several good overtures were got out with a degree of unity, precision, and clearness that awakens high hopes of the winter's concerts. In some instances the distribution of instruments had been improved, much to the satisfaction of the general audience, who find the proof of the pudding in the eating.

In these rehearsals of the whole Fund Society, and in the playing of the selected orchestra at Miss Lehmann's concert the other evening, we recognized the wholesome effects of the extra stimulus and extra practice secured to most of the musicians by the separate organization of the smaller orchestra, which has gradually accreted round the Germania Serenade Band. By all means let there be the friendliest understanding between these societies, which have common claims upon so many members; for the quality of every orchestra in Boston is improved by it.

We must not forget, however, one unquestionable spring of the Musical Fund revival;—namely, the strictly private rehearsals which they hold on Monday afternoons.

GERMANIA SERENADE BAND. The thirteenth Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, opened with Schubert's Symphony in C, for the second time. Still the impression that we carry from it, is of rich, deep, sad, original music, in which deep feelings and experiences struggle for utterance. But the struggle, unlike the greater case of Beethoven, does not with heroic strength resolve itself into serene splendor in the end and triumph in expression. With no abatement of the interest, our sense of the undue length of the movements we found rather aggravated; it did seem as if weakness, as well as earnestness, was answerable for so much repetition of each separate theme. No! Schubert's Symphony will not compare with Beethoven, although it is profoundly interesting, beautiful, and in passages sublime, and we trust we are to have many more chances of getting more familiar with it.

The second part of the concert was well selected. It included an Introduction from *Belshazzar*, a Duo Concertante for clarinets, by Messrs. Guenther and Vanstane, a Labitsky Waltz, and Reissiger's Overture to "Yelva."

To-day the Serenade Band hold a social festival, to celebrate their second anniversary.

THE Antiphonal mode of performing the Choral service has been adopted at the "Church of the Advent," in Green Street, and has thus far proved quite acceptable. Lovers of English Cathedral Music will find something to interest them in our advertising columns.

BATH, ME. A sacred concert was given here on the 16th ult., under the direction of Mr. I. K. Salomonski, the well-known tenor and teacher late of Boston. The programme, for any place out of the principal musical cities, was so excellent that we record it as a good sign of the times. Such a programme would have been impossible a few years since.

- PART I.
1. Introduction, (*Stabat Mater*) Rossini.
 2. Aria, "Waft her, angels," Handel.
 3. Duetto, "Quis est Homo," Stabat Mater.
 4. Prayer, "Softly, slowly," Weber.
 5. Pro peccatis, Stabat Mater.
 6. O, Sanctissima, (Quartet for four gentlemen.)
 7. Ave Maria, Schubert.
 8. Solo and Chorus, "Eia Mater," Stabat Mater.
 9. Angels ever Bright, Handel.
 10. Quintetto, (by five ladies,) Donizetti.

- PART II.
1. Quartet, Chorus, "Vesper Hymn," Beethoven.
 2. Motet, "O Lord, have mercy," Pergolesi.
 3. Cavatina, Stabat Mater.
 4. Duetto, "O Death, where is thy sting," Messiah.
 5. Aria, "Cujus Animam," Stabat Mater.
 6. Arioso, "But the Lord is mindful," &c. Mendelssohn.
 7. I know that my Redeemer liveth, Messiah.
 8. Quartet, Prayer, Rossini.
 9. Aria and Chorus, "Inflammatus," Stabat Mater.
 10. Prayer, from "Moses in Egypt"

Mr. Salomonski must be doing a good work in Maine. A few weeks since we noticed similar doings in another part of that State, by Mr. Frenzel, another teacher from this city. Good taste and knowledge of true music, in the place of Yankee psalmody and negro minstrelsy, may be greatly promoted in the country towns, by artistic teachers from the city making their residences in such places during the summer months. Mr. Salomonski and Mr. Frenzel have set a good example to their brethren against another summer.

New York.

MME. ALBONI (so writes to us one who knows) "was received last night (Tuesday) with an honest enthusiasm that has scarcely been paralleled in this city. SONTAG, who sat in a private box, was fairly drawn to its front to applaud the greatest of contraltos. After singing *Casta Diva*, she was called out three times; and the same on

finishing *Non credea*. All this was done by an audience of about 2500, all of whom paid but the Press, numbering about 200 tickets."

The critics seem unanimous about that concert. The *Tribune* says:

"We owe to Mme. Alboni our acknowledgments for a new pleasure. She sang *Casta Diva* for the first time, in this country at least, and we can but echo the enthusiastic satisfaction with which it was received by the brilliant and intelligent audience. Those critics who pronounce her inanimate and undramatic, can never have heard her in this, or in that other majestic and passionate air of Bellini, the *Ah non credea*. To our thinking no bursting energy of action, no external demonstration of feeling could so touch the soul, and so affect it with the very essence of dramatic interest, as the simple singing of these pieces by this incomparable Italian. The heart-throbs of tragedy mark every cadence of her voice in that delicious music, and her tones and modulations convey the idea of a deeper emotion, a more inward and real sentiment, such as the accessories of acting could not render more impressive, but might detract from. . . . We after all, among the great mass of riches in which she lets herself revel in triumph, prefer nothing to the *Ah non credea*. That is truly perfect and incomparable."

From another report we clip the following:

"Albani came forward, as ever, the epitome of artless, merry nonchalance, the quiet humor of her joyous nature playing in the twinkle of her mischievous eye, and sporting on the laughing curves of her rosy mouth.

"Her *Casta Diva* was gloriously given. We have heard no interpretation of this gem—not even Lind's—equal to Albani's. She breathed out its deep, passionate trust in notes of supplication that an angel might envy. Her next effort, Rhode's brilliant variations, a violin composition, first sung by Catalani, and considered, twenty-five years ago, Sontag's master effort, was the perfection of vocalization. . . . In these variations she rises to the height of soprano excellence, while all who have analyzed voices know how she transcends all rivalry as a contralto.

"Albani's *Ah non Credea*, the superb *Rondo* from 'Somnabula,' and the *Brindisi*, the celebrated drinking song from 'Lucresia,' were rendered with the same magnificent ease and effect with which she has heretofore sang them. These are Albani's songs and no one can equal her interpretation of them."

PHILADELPHIA. This evening the Sontag concerts commence. The orchestra is to be the "Germania Musical Society," considerably augmented by Philadelphia resident talent.

The Musical Fund, the Philharmonic, the German Musical, and six German vocal societies, combined to receive her at Burlington, yesterday afternoon. They invited the members of the press, the city authorities, and some four or five hundred ladies and gentlemen to join in the escort. A steamboat would leave Philadelphia at 3 P. M., and proceed to Burlington. Madame Sontag left New York at 3 P. M., by the Camden and Amboy line, escorted by Amboy by the New York Musical Fund Society and the German United Saengerbund. On arriving at Burlington she was to be escorted from the cars to the boat provided by the Philadelphia Musical Fund Society, handsomely decorated with banners, flowers, &c. On the passage down the river, the company was to partake of a collation provided by the Musical Fund Society in the large saloon, and in the course of it there would be music from two fine bands on board, and several choruses by the German vocal societies. Addresses of welcome to Madame Sontag were then to be delivered.—N. Y. Express of Thursday.

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MME. MARIETTA ALBONI
IN BOSTON.

MADAME M. ALBONI most respectfully announces that she will have the honor of giving her FIRST CONCERT here on

Tuesday next, October 19th,

upon which occasion she will be assisted by

SIG. SANGIOVANNI, TENORE.
SIG. ROVERE, BUFFO BARITONE.
SIG. ARDITI, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

WITH A FULL ORCHESTRA.

Tickets, ONE DOLLAR each. Reserved Seats, TWO DOLLARS. Tickets to be had and seats secured, at the Office of Col. Thompson, Old State House, and the principal Hotels, where diagrams of the Hall can be seen. Ushers will be in attendance to conduct parties to their seats. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock precisely.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

